

[Rudolph H. Wurdeman]

[??] [?]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER Eilert Mohlman ADDRESS Columbus, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 18, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Rudolph R. Wurdeman, Leigh, Nebr.
2. Date and time of interview 11/17/38 2-30 - 3-30 p.m.
3. Place of interview Home
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Dining room, comfortably furnished; house well located surrounded by large old tress, well kept farm buildings.

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Eilert Mohlman ADDRESS Columbus, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 18, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Rudolph H. Wurdeman, Leigh, Nebr.

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1. Ancestry German

2. Place and date for birth Mayville, Wisconsin; Nov. 26, 1866.

3. Family Widower; eight children, seven living.

4. Place lived in, with dates Mayville, Wis., 1866-1869; Platte County, Sherman township farm, 1869-1917. Columbus, Nebraska, 1917-1928. ["?"] ["?"] ["?"] 1928 to date.

5. Education, with dates Country County School, district 23 1876-1884.

6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates

Began farming on his own account when 23 years of age; feeding and shipping cattle, specializing in Shorthorn & Aberdeen Angus breeds.

7. Special skills and interests

Farming and Stock raising

8. Community and religious activities Member of St. John's Lutheran church; active worker.

9. Description of informant Rugged type - medium physical build; weight about 170/ 5'9

10. Other points gained in interview One of the early hard working settlers and successful farmers; has lived in this county the greater part of his life; his wife now being deceased, he is living with his son. Well known fraternally; served six years as justice of peace.

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER Eilert Mohlman ADDRESS Columbus, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 18, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

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NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Rudolph H. Wurdeman, Leigh, Nebr.

In 1878 my parents came from Germany to Wisconsin, and when I was about three years old they came to Platte County in 1869 and settled on a farm in Sherman township where my father bought a farm.

There were not so many houses in those days and the land was not broken and farming was pretty crude, but we always had good crops and soon bought more land.

In 1774 and 1775 the times were pretty hard and our main food was corn bread.

When I was seven years old I always had to herd cattle, and the Sioux and Pawnee indians gave me a lot of company. I gave them milk and they never bothered me at all.

I always worked on the farm and when I was 23 years old I was married and then started farming for myself. We always had two or three hired men and usually two hired girls. Then in 1894 we had the drought and we didn't raise much but the next years were better.

In later years I went to Germany to visit my aunt and was there only about three weeks when I got a telegram saying that my family was very sick, and when I got back home one of my daughters we had already died. They had diphtheria and scarlet fever.

When we lived on the farm my wife's health began to fail, and in 1917 we moved to Columbus, Nebraska, where we lived until 1928, when my wife died there and then I moved back to the farm. We had a lot of sickness in the family, five of our children having had an operation and one died.

Mother's Way
Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
Where the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tones,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrongs that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly

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answer, "It was once our mother's way"! If our home be bright and cheery, If it hold a welcome true, Opening wide the door of greeting To the many - not the few; If we share our Father's bounty With the needy day by day, 'tis because our hearts remember This was ever mother's way, Sometimes when our hearts grow weary, Our our task seems ever long, When our burdens look to heavy, And we deem the right the wrong, Then we gain anew, fresh courage, As we rise and proudly say, "Let us do our duty bravely — This was our dear mother's way". Thus we keep her memory precious, While we never cease to pray That at last when lengthening shadows [Dark?] the evening of lifes day, That may find us waiting camly To go home our mother's way.